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Two Sonnets.

I.

Thou knowst it now, O Love! whose eyes, unsealed,
Drink gladdened in the dewy flush and blow
Of golden Springs, that do not come and go,
But linger evermore on wood and field,
Where Life's new streams glide deep and still, nor yield
Their sweet, eternal course to swifter flow,
Save when they thrill, as in a blinding glow
The Godhead one brief moment stands revealed,—
Thou knowst it now, if sometime, moved perchance
By tender grief and pity, from amid
Those passing joys, thou turnst a backward glance
On the gray earth, in dark and dimness hid,—
How I have loved thee through long, silent years,
With a great love grown strong in hopeless tears!

II.

And yet not this, O Love!—for it may be
That when I too know that new Life, e'en there
My lips may keep the broken breath of prayer,
Mine eyes the shadow of those tears,—to thee
Shall plead for answering love unwillingly!
Nay, if not freely as the joyous air,
And swift as fire to fire leaps in one fair
Undying flame, thy soul may come to me.—
I pray thee pass me by, nor cast behind
One pitying glance!—What then, I dare not ask,—
But God will answer. He will surely find,
In mercy there as here some sacred task
To feed my heart and give my hands employ,
And turn grief's bitterness to sweetest joy!

STUART STERN.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Few Notes on "Athalie."

After listening a few weeks ago to Mendelssohn's beautiful music to "Athalie," I desired a better knowledge than I had hitherto possessed of the play and of the circumstances under which it was produced. Accordingly I sought information from various sources and now give you the result of my search, thinking that others may be interested in the subject as well as myself.

Racine's "Athalie," his last and greatest work, was written under the following circumstances. Mme. de Maintenon had founded a school for young girls at Saint-Cyr which was, at that time, under the charge of a Mme. de Brinon. This lady wrote some plays for her pupils to act, and Mme. de Maintenon went herself to one of the performances. She found the play so badly written that she begged Mme. de Brinon to choose something by Corneille or Racine for representation. In accordance with her request, the girls gave first *Cinna*, and then *Andromaque*, and acted the latter so well that Mme. de Maintenon was alarmed at its success. She wrote to Racine: "Nos petites filles viennent de jouer votre *Andromaque*, et l'ont si bien jouée qu'elles ne la joueront de leur vie, ni aucune autre de vos pièces." She begged him at the same time to write something for their instruction and amusement. But it must be of an entirely different nature from *Andromaque*. It must not be worldly, and there must be no love-scenes in it.

It was not without a struggle that Racine acceded to her request. Twelve years had passed since his last great play of "Phèdre," and ever since then he had been resting on his

laurels, having entirely given up writing for the stage. He at length chose the bible narrative of "Esther" as the subject of a drama. It was produced in 1689, and had so great a success that Racine decided to write another play for the same purpose. This time the story of Athalie furnished him with a theme.* The tragedy appeared in 1691, and preparations were made for its representation at Saint-Cyr. But a cabal was formed against it. It was considered too worldly, and Racine had hit the king much too hard a blow in the scene where Joad talks to the young prince of the evils of absolute power. The play was suppressed, and the only comfort Racine received amidst the almost universal disapprobation was in the cheering words of Boileau. He alone saw the great merit of the work and proved himself a true prophet, when he said: "C'est votre meilleure pièce, j'en m'y connais: le public y reviendra."†

The play of "Athalie" is indeed a masterpiece. But far better critics than I have described the beauties of the work. All that I have to do is to collect a few facts of interest regarding its plot and peculiar construction. And in order to explain the action of the play I can do no better than to translate a part of Racine's preface.

"Everybody knows that the Kingdom of Judah was composed of the two tribes of Judah and Benjamin, and that the ten other tribes, who revolted against Rehoboam, made up the Kingdom of Israel. As the kings of Judah were of the house of David, and as the temple and the city of Jerusalem belonged to them, all the priests and Levites remained in the Kingdom of Judah; for since the building of the temple by Solomon it was no longer permitted to sacrifice elsewhere. The ten tribes which founded the Kingdom of Israel were either idolators or schismatics.

"The priests and Levites formed by themselves a very large tribe. They were divided into different classes, which served in turn in the temple from one Sabbath to the next. The priests were of the house of Aaron and only those of that family had the right to offer sacrifice. The Levites were subordinate to them and had charge, among other things, of the chants, the preparation of the victims and the care of the temple. All these whose week it was to serve, as well as the high-priest, lived in the porticos or galleries which surrounded the temple and, indeed, made part of it."

Such was the state of Jerusalem when Joram, seventh king of the house of David, came to the throne. He was the son of Josaphat and had married Athalie, (Eng. version Athaliah) daughter of Jezebel and Ahab, king of Israel. Jezebel had been notorious for her persecu-

tions of the prophets, and Athalie, who was quite as wicked as her mother, soon led over King Joram to the worship of Baal. But misfortunes followed his apostasy. His sons were all killed by the Arabs and Philistines except Ochozias, (Ahaziah) who was a worshipper of Baal, imitating his mother's wickedness. Joram died of a lingering and painful illness and Ochozias succeeded to the throne. He had reigned only a year when he was killed while on a visit to his mother's brother at the time when all the race of Ahab and Jezebel were exterminated by order of Jehu.

Athalie, hearing at Jerusalem of the massacre of her family, determined, on her part, entirely to destroy the royal race of David. In pursuance of this purpose she endeavored to put the two sons of Ochozias to death. Happily Josabet (Jehoshebeath), daughter of Joram, but not of Athalie, succeeded in saving from her vengeance Joas, then very young. Joad, Josabet's husband, was high-priest, and little Joas found a safe hiding-place in the temple, where he remained for seven years before he was proclaimed King of Judah.*

It is here that the tragedy of *Athalie* begins. "The time has come when Joas is to ascend the throne usurped by his grandmother. Athalie recognized in the temple the child, as the same who had appeared to her in a dream; she causes him to come before her and seeks to obtain some sign from him. But she is foiled by the ingenuous replies of the youth and, vexed at his refusal to follow her, demands him as a hostage. Joad then decides to reveal to the young prince the mystery of his birth and to have him recognized by the priests and Levites as the rightful heir to the throne. Jerusalem is full of the hired troops of Athalie, but Joad trusts in God for success in his bold enterprise. Joas is solemnly proclaimed king; arms are distributed to the Levites, and when Athalie, accompanied by a mere handful of soldiers, enters the temple to take the child, the gates shut behind her, a curtain is pulled aside, and Joas is seen, crowned with a diadem and seated on a throne surrounded by armed Levites. The queen is seized and hurried out of the temple to be put to death."†

"In the two biblical tragedies, *Esther* and *Athalie*, Racine has introduced the most characteristic feature of the Greek theatre—the chorus, which as we know, was almost constantly on the stage and even took a certain part in the action." Racine says in his preface to *Athalie*: "I have tried to imitate that continuity of action of the ancient dramatists by which the stage is never left vacant, the intervals between the acts being marked only by the hymns and moral reflections of the chorus, which are connected with the action of the play."

* Preface to "Athalie."

† Marcellac, Manuel d'histoire de la Littérature Française. pp. 115—116.

* II Kings, chapters XI and XII, and II Chronicles, chapters XXI, XXII and XXIII.

† Gustave Masson, French Classic, Vol. II, pp. 8—11. F. Marcellac, Manuel d'histoire de la Littérature Française. p. 107.

The lyrics which he composed for this purpose, and which were intended to be either declaimed or sung by the Levites or by the young Israelites, are considered the most perfect specimens in French literature of a kind of writing which has always been too little cultivated in France.*

Mendelssohn's music to *Athalie* was written at the request of the King of Prussia. It was originally intended for performance at the theatre with the play; but, owing to the character of the work, it is now only heard at concerts, where of course it loses much of the vividness and reality of the stage. The Overture was written at London, during the winter of 1844, and the music was completed at Soden, near Frankfort, in the following summer. It was performed at Charlottenburg in 1845.†

"*Athalie*" was first brought out in Boston by the Parker Club, some years ago. This winter it has been heard again, and its performance has been one of the musical events of the season. It has been given three times, twice by the Cecilia, and once by the Boylston Club, and each performance differed in some respects from the other two. At the first Cecilia concert we had the main part of the work, with the Overture, Priests' March and accompaniments arranged for the pianoforte; the Boylston Club added the Music Hall organ and the reading of various passages, which served to make the story more clear and vivid; the Cecilia, at their second concert, were assisted by an orchestra of about forty pieces, and, thus performed, the music showed new beauties, hardly to be perceived before.

Mendelssohn's "*Athalie*" is indeed a glorious work, earnest, pure and refined. But it does not seem to me of equal merit throughout. The first number is fine from beginning to end, and the second opens very promisingly, but there the work loses interest. Although the solos that follow are not exactly commonplace, for a master like Mendelssohn could never write commonplace music, they do not seem inspired, like the first part of the work. But with the beautiful trio: "Hearts feel that love Thee" the interest returns, and from this point to the end steadily increases. The stirring Priests' March follows, then the chorus, "Depart, sons of Aaron," and they all await the result of the battle. At last is heard the grand and noble strain of the very beginning, which forms at the end a fitting celebration of the triumph of the right: "Heaven and the earth display, His grandeur is unbounded; They declare He is God; they resound His endless praise."

M. P. W.

—East Milton, April 2.

* Marcellus. pp. 117-118.
† See: The Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography. (pub. London.)
Life of Mendelssohn. Lampadius, pp. 128-139.
Reminiscences of Mendelssohn. E. Polko, p. 151.

Parsifal, A Stage-Consecrative-Festival-Play, by Richard Wagner.*

(A LECTURE DELIVERED TO THE WAGNER ASSOCIATION AT TUMENHEIM NEAR BAYREUTH.)

A small hall, simply furnished. In the background a bust of Wagner with a figure of Germania holding a laurel-wreath over it. A plain tribune. Behind the Speaker, but invisible to all, is seated Common Sense, slumbering.

* From the *Neue freie Presse* of Vienna, (translated in the London Musical World).

It may be objected that "Stage-Consecrative-Festival-Play" is a strange title. I reply: It is. So is "*Bühnenweihfestspiel*." It may further be objected that "Consecrative" is an odd word. Again I reply: It is. I must, however, be allowed to add that Herr Richard Wagner is an author who at times does not content himself with ordinary German, and that I am compelled, in consequence, to use occasionally extraordinary English, if I would convey any notion of his style, which is, to say the least, peculiar. Perhaps some persons would, instead of the title I have adopted, prefer "Stage-Consecrational-Festival-Play." If so, let them mentally substitute the one for the other, as occasion requires. "Consecrational" is certainly somewhat more uncouth than "consecrative," besides setting the usual rules of etymology glaringly at defiance. For this reason, I cannot deny that, under the circumstances, it commands respectful consideration. To another epithet, "consecrational," however, I demur. It is formed with too great a regard for the humdrum spirit of language.—TRANSLATOR.

Honored companions in art, one of the latest decrees of our Master commands us to further in our secret confederacy, by means of lectures, German intellect, German poetry, German music, or to sum up all in one word, the cause of Richard Wagner himself. Obedient to this high order, and following also my own impulse, I appear before you, for the purpose of saying a few words on the Master's most recent creation. Let us first stop a little to consider the title. The Master calls the work a *Stage-Consecrative-Festival-Play*. A genial title! (Bravo! bravo!) I will go further and say: A title full of promise! (Hear, hear.) If you look through his writings, our Symbolic Books, you will find in them the avowal that he himself never really knew what he ought to call his works—that the father was always anxiously embarrassed about the names he should give his children at the font: they could not well be designated *operas*, "especially on account of their dissimilarity with *Don Juan*" (loud applause and merriment), and *Music-Drama*—an expression which comes so pat to the more immature among us—is an unintelligible, nay "utterly idiotic" word, altogether uncharacteristic of stage-works which are neither dramatic in the common acceptance of the term, nor vulgarly musical. But it was indispensable that they should be entered under some name or other, in the civil register of everyday art, if only to distinguish them from the common operative rabble, and—I now quote the Master's own words—"in order to issue vigorously, and once for all, from the confusion hence arising, I hit, as is well known, upon the idea of the *Stage-Festival-Play*." The Master appears to have chosen the title reluctantly, simply to comply with custom; he would have preferred leaving his creation unlabelled, that it might, as "a nameless artistic fact," work in complete purity, for his art is really unnameable, an Art of the Nameless. But, thank Heaven, he changed his mind: the same thought which gave birth to the expression: "Stage-Festival-Play," created likewise the Stage for the Festival-Play, that is, the art-temple at Bayreuth, and we may well say here: The title built the temple. But I now ask: Why should not a new temple spring from a new title? (Hear, hear.) *Stage-Consecrative-Festival-Play*! What is a *Stage-Consecrative-Festival-Play*? A Festival-Play to consecrate a stage. What stage? That in Bayreuth? Impossible. The stage in Bayreuth is already consecrated, trebly consecrated; besides, it would no longer be capable of satisfying the increased demands on the machinist and the scene-painter. Then it must be another stage, which does not yet exist, and which has still to be built, must it not? Yes, my honored companions in art, that is the secret which slumbers in one word; that is the Gospel which one word announces to us; as a coat was once composed to a button, and an opera tacked on to a funeral march, a house will in this case, believe me, be built, for a title; not a common thoroughfare of a house,* as in Bayreuth, open to all the world and to be entered by those without a call as well as by the elect, but a carefully closed temple, thoroughly secured, a true Graal-fortress on the hill of Monsalvat, the jealously guarded hill accessible only to the true brethren, friends of the first degree, the elect of our lord and master. (Commotion.) In strict confidence I can inform you, gentlemen, the Master has already thought of the Kubbeg near Tumbenheim in connection with the object he has in view. (Indescribable and long-continued storm of applause.)

Parsifal—(a fresh outburst of applause)—*Parsifal*—Bravo, bravo.) May I beg you to be calm, gentlemen, and to favor me with your entire attention? I have not yet got over the title of the new work. It is "*Parsifal*," with an "F," and not "*Parcival*," with a "V." The F is, philologically and aesthetically, of immense importance, and a world,

or at least the fragment of a world as large as Arabia, lies between the two letters. The worthy Wolfram von Eschenbach writes "*Percival*," as though he would derive the word from the French *percer* ("In truth thy name is *Percival*. It means *right through the middle*,") and the French write: "*Percival*," or, after Chrétien de Troyes: "*Percheval*, the Valley-Piercer." In the Italian chronicles the famous knight is called "*Peredur*," the All-sweetest, the All-fairest; and many other versions and interpretations of the word might be adduced, if it were worth while reviving an etymological dispute which has been definitely settled by Richard Wagner. Even Lessing—(At this name, Common Sense wakes up and listens)—could not imagine anything more delightful for curiosity than the study of etymology, in which German philologists, and consequently the Master, have always distinguished themselves; and in connection with this point I must beg you kindly to bear in mind that he himself, the great Wagner, tells us (*Symbolische Bücher*, Vol. IX.) that his favorite teacher at the Dresden Kreuzschule did not bid him take to music, poetry, or any other art, but "pointed emphatically to philology as the subject I ought to pursue." That teacher was evidently a very clever man. Philology, like learned gout, sticks in the Master's limbs, and is transmitted like a disease of the blood, to the offspring of his fancy. It is in an enchanted garden that Parsifal meets the beautiful Kundry; she is reposing on a flowery couch, "in lightly-veiling, fanciful garments, approximating to the Arabian style." Does she, amid billing and cooing, does she give the stranger anything for himself? Yes, an etymological hypothesis:

"Dich nannt' ich, thör' ger Reiner,

'Fal parsi'—

Dich, reinen Thoren: 'Parsifal.'"

Fal parsi, Parsi fal—both expressions are in turned commas—(Common Sense tickles the Speaker)—and we may perhaps inquire whether the Master will find the suitable musical expression for turned commas. The answer cannot, however, be doubtful. Fal parsi, Parsi fal—these words, as the lovely woman teaches us, come from the Arabic, and signify: Foolish Pure-One, Pure Fool. Thus the dispute as to the meaning of our knight's name is settled in a genial fashion by the Master's philology—(Common Sense pinches the Speaker). Ill-conditioned individuals will object that this piece of philology does not in any way belong to the Master, but to the celebrated Görres, who certainly was the first to attempt explaining by means of the Arabic the hero's name—Parsi or Parsch Fal, that is: the pure, or poor Stupid-One, or *Tumbe* (the Imprudent-One, the Inexperted-One)—in Wolfram's language. The geniality of the thing does not, however, consist in the happy etymological discovery, but in its dramatic application, and in the fact that philology now gains additional value for the German stage, since it has been included by Richard Wagner in the circle of the sister arts.

Parsifal—gentlemen, I cannot yet tear myself from the deeply significant title—Parsifal, I say, the Poor Stupid-One, is evidently not a mere name; it is a notion, a symbol, an allegory. Vilmar, who, by the by, like Gervinus, like Uhland, like San Marte, and like many others, writes "*Percival*," and appears to have only a presentiment of the deep meaning of the Arabic F, teaches us that the young hero appears as a fool to the world, just as on its first appearance in the world the German mind does. *Parsifal* is, therefore, the representative of the German mind, and of the German youth, and so, Gentlemen, Wagner's *Parsifal*, also, strikes me as the representative of a German youth in general and the Wagnerian youth in particular (Bravo!). I will go further and say: *Parsifal* is Richard Wagner himself. Yes, the criminal here, who wanders through the forest, and shoots the gently warbling birds on the branches, is none other than our Master, and, if any one doubts this, I say to him: Wagner's hero does not know what his name is, and to all questions as to who he is generally, he replies with a stupid "I do not know;" he calls himself the Nameless —, is it, therefore, not palpable, Gentlemen, that in *Parsifal* the Master intended to personify himself and his art, the art of the Nameless? The thing appears to me as clear as day, and, when anyone in future asks you the meaning of the variously interpreted word, answer boldly,

* "Thee did I name, thou foolish Pure-One,

'Fal parsi'—

Thee, pure fool: 'Parsifal.'"
† "Turned commas;" in German: "Gänsefüsse," literally: "Geese's feet."

* "Kein Durchhaus."

Gentlemen: "Parsifal is the idiotic Wagner, and his idiotic art." (Commotion.)

Now to the real purport of the Stage-Consecrative-Festival-Play. (Common Sense, henceforth, plagues the Speaker every instant.)

Respected companions in art, you are all aware that Richard Wagner writes no common dramas. Drama means action, and Stage-Festival-Play means a dream. *Parsifal*, like some other productions, moves in the romantically sultry and soporific atmosphere, in which the foot forgets how to walk, and the arm how to raise itself; literally nothing happens; the dramatic element is solved by scenery, and the action by pictures; never is he who enjoys the treat rudely awakened from his dreamy devotion, nor exposed to the risk of forgetting the artist in the work of art, and, while in every other case movement is regarded as the vital principle of the stage, we are justified in declaring that principle here to be inertia. It is an uncommonly fine trait of the Master that he allows a work of such a kind, that he allows his *Parsifal*, to begin with sleeping, slumbering, and, perhaps, dreaming. A locality resembling "in character the northerly mountain ranges of Gothic Spain;" in it a forest, "shady and earnest, but not gloomy;" under the trees, Knights and Squires asleep; the solemn morning waking call of the trombones resounding behind the scenes. This is the first picture in *Parsifal*. Every touch of the pencil betrays the hand of the Master, and demonstrates his incredible skill in creating mood. How much I should like, on this occasion, to analyze the powerful effects the Master is accustomed to produce when he shows the spectators an empty stage (for a stage with the characters asleep must in a certain sense be denominated empty) or causes the music of invisible instruments to re-echo in the ears of the audience! Each is a morbid but effective over-irritation of our fancy, and we might deduct from it an entire art-theory, which is no other than the theory of the Empty and Invisible. But time presses, and we must hasten forward.

The Sleepers awake and prepare a medicinal bath for the sick Graal-King, Amfortas. The latter is unhappily sleepless from "*Starkem Bresten*,"* and his pains keep returning, each time more "*sehrend*"† than before. According to Wagner, who here differs essentially from Wolfram, the King once set out to "*beheeren*"‡ with his spear—the same with which the side of Him upon the Cross was pierced—the magician Klingsor, but was by him entrapped, deprived of his "*wont-wonderful*" spear, and, with a wound which will not heal, sent home. His pain is great, but, in the bath, it is mitigated: "*staunt das Weh*."§ He goes through the same thing on the day in question. Scarcely, however, has he had the bath, ere there arises a great noise; *Parsifal*, an unknown youth, has penetrated unobserved into the forest and shot with his bow a swan, as it was just flying over the Sacred Lake. Hereupon, rage and indignation among the Knights and Squires. But a reconciliation speedily follows, how or wherefore I do not know, and Gurnemanz, in *Parsifal* an old Knight of the Graal, offers to conduct the Pure Fool to the Graal. A changing scene takes them up Monsalvat to the Graalsburg. You must know that, while they seem to be walking, the stage is gradually changed, and unrolls the whole road from the forest to the castle in changing pictures before you. By the Master this abiding of the characters in the moving space is thus rendered evident:

PARSIFAL.—Ich schreite kaum—doch wahn' ich mich schon weit.

GURNEMANZ.—Du siehst, mein Sohn, zum Raum wird hier die Zeit.‖

* "Severe bodily suffering." *Bresten*, from which *Bresten* comes, is an antiquated word, rarely used at the present day.—TRANSLATOR.
† "Hurtful," "damaging." *Sehrend* is another antiquated word, fished up out of the Past to give a coloring of the period to the text, and puzzle the less philologically accomplished among the "Master's" adherents.—TRANSLATOR.

‡ "To be-host," "to be-army," i. e., I suppose, "to make war on." It strikes me that *beheeren* is a special coinage of the Wagnerian mint.—TRANSLATOR.
§ "The pain is motionless with astonishment," a poetic Wagnerianism, probably, for "the pain stops." With regard to the expression "*wont-wonderful*," a couple of lines previously, it is a faithful rendering of "*wund-wunder*," which I take to be a Wagnerian signifying "very," or "supremely wonderful."—TRANSLATOR.

‖ PARSIFAL.—I scarcely step, yet I fancy I have already gone far.
GURNEMANZ.—Thou see'st, my son, time here becomes space.

I would, however, my respected auditors, advise you not to rack your brains about this genial inversion of two such opposite notions; it is enough to drive one crazy (Murmure)—I mean, you might lose your senses with admiration. Time here becomes space.—"Hence the wearisomeness of his music," said an enemy of the Master's (Agitation.)

Stopping still, and yet advancing, we reach then the splendid domed-hall of the Graalsburg. Again does the Invisible play a principal part: Behind the stage, trombones are sounding and bells pealing; behind the scenes, half-way up 'twixt ground and dome, are heard youths', and behind the scenes, from the loftiest part of the hall, boys' voices; while, lastly, behind the scenes, from the extreme back, comes the sepulchral voice of Titirel, who is 500 years old, admonishing his son Amfortas to perform his sacred office. The poor, sickly king has to unveil the Graal; but the sight of the wonderful vessel, in which the blood of the Redeemer was once caught, renews his vitality, and with it his sufferings. Amfortas yearns for release and death; he would fain sleep, rest, die, in order that the "heaving wave of his own sinful blood" might not continually flow back "in mad flight" to his heart, and "discharge itself with wild fear into the world of sinful passions." But the invisible Titirel commands, and Amfortas must obey. The Graal is unveiled. Suddenly we have profound twilight, spreading out thicker and thicker, and traversed by dazzling rays; the sacred goblet glowing with bright purple color; all on their knees in pious prayer; song of the invisible boys—"Receive my blood, receive my body;" "blessed sigh of joy from the invisible Titirel—"O holy transport, how brightly does the Lord greet us to-day!" . . . Then again daylight, pealing of bells, solemn repast of the knights, songs of the youths of the middle elevation, alternating with those of the boys of the greatest elevation—"Blessed in belief! Blessed in love!" Finally, the day again dying away, all splendor and all magnificence again sinking into twilight, while Knights and Squires, amid the strains of the trombone, quit the hall; then, night and fog, a mystic I-know-not-what, a mysterious Nothing. Such, gentlemen, is the wondrous picture with which the Master terminates his first act. Nothing like it has probably ever been seen before on our stage. The most solemn ceremony of the Christian Church, the Sacrament of Sacraments, the Lord's Supper, is by Wagner degraded—I beg your pardon—elevated into a highly theatrical effect, and employed scenically so happily, that the Stage-Consecrative Festival-Play might be quite as well performed in St. Peter's as in the Theatre of the Future, on Monsalvat, near Tumbenheim. And the clare-obscure which the Master has diffused over the whole, the longing change, as I may term it, between light and fog, the glowing and paling, the shining and waning, the lamentation and jubilation, the "pain of most blessed enjoyment," to use his own words—how all this will please the ladies, how it will the German lady, "that monster of European civilization and Christianly-Germanic stupidity" (hisses)—gentlemen, the definition belongs to the great Schopenhauer, the Master's favorite philosopher (commotion.) By the way, I recollect opportunely the admonition which Gurnemanz, at the end of our first act, addresses to Parsifal to help him along on his road; "Leave for the future the swans here alone, and, being a gander, seek out for thyself a goose!" We will leave our ladies, the lovely swans, alone, and simply inquire why poor Parsifal is called a gander. Why? Just because, to the question "Dost thou know what thou sawest?" he answered by a slight shake of the head. This is a strange, though deeply significant enfeebling of the motive in the original saga. A prophetic writing once appeared before the sick Amfortas at the Graal; When a knight one day comes and, unchallenged, asks the reason of the King's sufferings and other things, the King will recover, but the inquirer will be Graal-King in his stead. Parsifal comes, and does not ask. Hence the continuance of the royal malady; hence the vexation of the Knights of the Graal; and hence the subsequent edict that the latter are not to be molested by worldly curiosity. Because the absence of a question had occasioned such extensive mischief, the putting of questions generally was to be prohibited in future. Compare with this *Lohengrin*. To render more intelligible the action of the later opera (murmure), of this—that—nameless work, the Master should have taken from old Wolfram the leading motive of the question. His doing so would have rendered Parsifal's fault, Gurnemanz's vexation, and the justification of the peculiar Wagnerian term of re-

proach, "Gander," somewhat clearer. But this, perhaps, was the very thing which, for profoundly significant reasons, had to be avoided. The Unnameable and the Invisible are properly mated with the Obscure.

Honored brothers in belief, *Parsifal* is a mystery dripping with the oil of Catholic faith in miracles. Its purport is overpoweringly religiously-immoral. (Oh, oh!) Please understand me aright. I say religiously-immoral, because the Master had necessarily to oppose to the first act a second; to Gothic Spain, Arabian Spain; to the Graal, Klingsor's magic mirror; to Christianity, Paganism; and to longing religion, religious longing. All this we find done in the second act, which passes in the enchanted castle and in the enchanted garden of the necromancer, Klingsor. This is the real scene of Parsifal's heroic deeds, which, however, are of a purely negative nature. Parsifal, you must know, has to prove his coyness in a warm passage of arms with a remarkable female, the Kundry already named. If he conquers, he is to be the Graal-King. It may easily be supposed, however, that his task will not be easy. In this particular we may rely upon the Master. In the first place, a whole hell of wildly-yearning and appropriately-undressed maidens are let loose on the poor Stupid, who, however, while beholding the "beautiful Devildom," preserves a model coldness. The maidens endeavor to fascinate him, and dispute who shall have him: "Leave the boy alone! he belongs to me!—No!—No!—To me!—To me!—Come, fair boy, let me bloom for thee! My amorous efforting is meant for your ecstatic recreation!—Take me to thy breast!—Let me kiss thy mouth!—No! me! I am the loveliest!—No, I! I am more sweetly fragrant! . . . Are you a coward with women? . . . Will not trust me? . . . Give place! See, he wants me!—No, me!—Me rather!—No, me!—Let him be ours!—No, ours!—No, mine!—And mine!—Here! Here!" All this is tolerably mild; nay, it often seems as though a genuinely poetic fragrance breathed on us from out the lovely floral throng. But this is not the worst ordeal to which our hero's virtue is subjected. In the midst of the amorous chase Kundry's voice is heard, and the fair phantoms vanish. Poor Parsifal! you have now to combat with and overcome "of most fearful impulses the hellish pressure." For thy purity there is nothing more dangerous than Kundry's beauty. That extraordinary virgin merits nearer consideration. We met her in the first act, where, wonderfully hideous—staring black eyes are expressly specified—she figured as a messengeress of the Graal, that is, she was in the service of the Most Holy; while in the second act she appears, wonderfully beautiful—slightly-veiling garments are expressly specified—as the maid of the Arabian sorcerer, Klingsor, that is to say, she is in the service of the Most Unholy. Kundry the sorcière and Kundry the beautiful, both of whom are known to you from Wolfram's *Parsifal*, seem here to be combined in one person; and from this combination there has sprung a peculiarly duplicate being, creating Good and Evil, suspended in fear between Christianity and Paganism, an angel with a devil's face, a devil with an angel's form, something in the style of a female Faust, or Faust and Mephistopheles combined, or—Heaven knows what, for it is really difficult, gentlemen, to solve this riddle by one's own unaided skill. We must wait till the key is sent us from Bayreuth. An unspeakably profound meaning strikes me as lying in the circumstance that Kundry suffers from what seems an incurable affliction of convulsive laughter. "I saw—Him—Him—and—laughed . . ." she says to the Pure Fool, to whom she laments that, since she gazed laughingly on Him (the Redeemer, as it would appear) she has been condemned to everlasting laughter. "There I laugh—laugh—and cannot weep; only scream, rave, bluster, rage, in the continually-renewed night of madness." It is to be hoped that the explanation of these significant fits of laughter also will be shortly despatched to us from Bayreuth. Ought Kundry to be regarded as the incarnation of the Wagnerian world-view, of Schopenhauerish pessimism? Or does the laughter symbolize the Master's opinion of the attacks of his enemies, or even the behavior of his worshippers? Kundry, by the way, is called likewise the Nameless "prime-deviles, rose of hell!" Enough: it is certain that a profound meaning slumbers in this extraordinary and obscure double being. That it should awake and be plain to us, necessitates its receiving from above a call to do so. May the Master very soon delight us by uttering that call! Kundry laughs, my respected friends now pres-

ent, she laughs—laughs—laughs—and this laughter of hers strikes me as of the highest significance, not only in an artistically philosophical, but also in a musically dramatic sense. Laughter is a natural sound, gentlemen, and this laughter, this natural sound, is really Kundry's usual speech; she despises words formed of letters, and sentences built up of words; at least she is mostly contented with abrupt words, emitted with difficulty, words scarcely worth more than simple natural sounds, as, for instance, in the first act, when, while asleep, she floats off from the Graalsburg to Klingsor's enchanted castle, and slumbers over (a favorite motive with Wagner) from Christianity to Paganism: "Sleep, sleep—I must!" or, in the second act, when to Klingsor's vain boasting that his castle is a much more agreeable habitation than the Graalsburg, she replies, roughly and disjointedly, "Ah!—ah!—Deep night! Madness! Oh!—Rage!—Oh!—Sorrow!—Sleep! Sleep!—Deep sleep!—Death!" But, as I have already said, Kundry's favorite idiom is the natural sound, the inarticulated, and it strikes me as extraordinarily instructive to peruse here the carefully prescribed directions of the Master, and measure by them the demands he makes upon the representative of Kundry. In the first act, a rough voice, a simple laugh, a dull scream, and a violent trembling suffice. The last, namely: the violent trembling, is a gradation to be particularly observed, and neither more nor less than characteristic of *Parsifal*, where it is peculiar, and, so to say, endemic to all the personages; the phenomenon generally commences with a long "Torpidity" which gradually passes into a state of intense "Agitation," and, lastly, degenerates into the said "violent trembling," just as though behind every personage there were stationed a keeper, charged, at given moments, to "seize" the patient and shake him till all his limbs writhed and twisted with the sacred tremor.

In the second act, the demands made upon the representative of Kundry increase after a wonderful fashion. The simple laugh and the dull scream are no longer enough. At the very commencement of the act, Kundry utters a fearful scream; she has next to indulge in "plaintive howling" of the greatest violence, graduating down to an anxious whine; then she has to laugh again either "shrilly" or "with a weird expression," and, lastly, "to fall into a more and more ecstatic laugh, finally changing into a spasmodic cry of woe." Fancy this convulsive figure, these hysterics in human shape, struggling to overcome *Parsifal*'s virtue. At this juncture, she commands, it is true, some connected words, but what words! Words of unspeakable "shame-lustful," sensual heat, as suggested by orgiastic madness, and expressed in the infernal intoxication of sin. What is otherwise feeling is here caricatured into concupiscent desire, and what is otherwise passion, to convulsions. Poor *Parsifal* does not know whether he is on his head or his heels. "Oh!—Torment of love!—How everything shudders, vibrates, and quivers in sinful yearning!" But the Devil cannot master him; he merely passes, as it were, the hot tips of his fingers over the youth's skin, awakening simultaneously with evil desire the "horribly slight" recollection of the holy vessel, the Redeemer, the Savior, God: "the ecstasy of redemption, divinely mild, permeates far and wide all souls." What did I say, gentlemen? (Common Sense shakes the speaker violently. Agitation among the audience.) I characterized the mystery as religiously-immoral. Well, you see that the "ecstasy of redemption" and "the most fearful movement of hell-like impulse" here meet in the same shudder. But, gentlemen, the mingling of religion and lewdness is not enough! This—master absolutely dares to defile a feeling sacred even to brute beasts, dares to talk of maternal love and carnal love in one and the same breath; dares to confound the endearments of a mother with the caresses of a—harlot. Ah! This Wagner is indeed a bold and daring man! (Great applause and great hissing.) Do you deny what I say, gentlemen? Just listen how Kundry reminds the hero *Parsifal* of the love of his father Gamuret for his mother Herzeleid: "Learn to know the love which encircled Gamuret when Herzeleid, burning with love, scorching-ly inundated him. . . . She offers you to-day as the last greeting of her maternal blessing the first-kiss of love." It is true that anyone whose fancy has revelled in the spasmodic dual song of Tristan and Isolde and the incestuous scenes of *Die Walküre*—(Increasing tumult.) . . . Oh, gentlemen, your uproar will not hinder me from frankly speaking my mind—I am tired of constraint, and rejoice that my understanding is once more free—it is

scandalous, I say, it is infamous, and it is shameful in us to wish to accustom our wives, sisters, and daughters to contemplate such filthy pictures without blushing crimson—nay, to regard them as the expression of the noblest poetry, while we take care anxiously to protect them from any book written with more than usual freedom and despising the rules of drawing-room decorum. But no; you are right; *Parsifal* is indeed extremely moral; the hero's virtue withstands the pressure put upon it, and his purity is saved. You will, however, grant me that, on the modern stage, the danger at which virtue and purity have to tremble has never had so glaring a light cast upon it, and that never was so libidinous a game played with chastity. (Immense and increasing tumult.) Shout, rave, bawl, just as you like, gentlemen! The most you will do will be to hinder me from telling you any more about the story of *Parsifal*, and that is a matter of little consequence. Whether you now know that Kundry, repelled by *Parsifal*, "in wild raving beats her breast terribly," and calls the sinner to her aid; that Klingsor hurls at the youth the spear he has purloined, but that the spear, without hurting the youth, flies into his hand, and is moved in the air by him "with a gesture of the highest ecstasy as he traces the shape of the Cross," whereupon the enchanted castle with all its splendor sinks into the earth; that, in the third act, *Parsifal* returns to the Graal, heals Amfortas's wound with the wondrous spear, becomes himself King of the Graal, and discharges the duties belonging to the guardianship of the sacred object; that, as in the first act, bells are pealed, trombones played, and the voices of invisible boys mingle with the voices of invisible youths behind the scenes, while on the stage light and twilight alternate, the Graal grows purple, a glorious halo spreads over everything and everybody, the dead one (Titurel) awakes, the one condemned to live (Kundry) at length expires; that the whole mystery dies away in the strains, so low as to be scarcely audible: "Wonder of the highest salvation; Redemption to the Redeemer!"—Whether you know, or do not know, all this, gentlemen, must be a subject of indifference to you and to myself. You are not here to judge reasonably, but to admire senselessly. (Cries of "Turn him out! turn him out!") To me, however, I say, it seems a most marvellous thing that a writer for the stage and operatic composer ("Turn him out! treason! turn him out!"), after daring to lay hands on Wolfram's *Parsifal*, could derive from that joyously-emotional poem, full of healthy love of life and beautiful actuality, nothing better for the stage than precisely the undramatic element in it—its symbolism and mysticism. It strikes me as a more marvellous fact that a fervently Catholicizing work, such as Richard Wagner's *Parsifal*, should be written in our time in the native land of Luther and of Beethoven, in the Germany which battles for culture (All rise from their seats, and endeavor to cry down the speaker). . . . In a word, gentlemen, Art of the Nameless, Theory of the Invisible, Philosophy of the Unclear, Aesthetics of the Inarticulate—wherever you take your lord and master, you grasp a negation; his whole being (the noise grows more and more fearful, the speaker can no longer make himself heard above it; only isolated words are audible from time to time) . . . a bloated Nothing . . . NIHIL . . . NIHIL . . . (The speaker is pulled down by some young men from the tribune, and turned out of the room amid indescribable tumult.)

CHORUS OF BELIEVERS:—HE IS CONDEMNED!

COMMON SENSE:—HE IS SAVED!

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(E. H.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Epiglottis.

The subject of the Epiglottis has not been generally much considered in vocal culture. But when its close connection with the production of tone is taken into account, it becomes manifestly a cartilage of real importance to the teacher and singer. The epiglottis is a leaf-shaped cartilaginous plate, located behind the tongue. When the surrounding parts are in a state of repose, the epiglottis stands erect, thus giving free scope to respiration. Its lower part is attached to the protuberance in the throat termed Pomum Adami, or more commonly called Adam's Apple, but anatomically termed the

Thyroid cartilage. It has generally been supposed that the entire function of the epiglottis was to act as a valve to prevent the entrance of solid food or liquids into the glottis,—the vertical opening of the trachea, or windpipe. But this is only one, and not by any means its most important, office. In recent experiments which have come under my own observation, it has been found, that out of many cases, where the epiglottis was nearly, and in some instances entirely cut away from animals, the majority of them experienced no trouble in swallowing. In a few, however, a slight difficulty was noticed. It was thus proved beyond a doubt that its chief function was not to act as a covering for the glottis, for the prevention of the entrance of foreign substances. Often the epiglottis is almost entirely eaten away by disease; but in such cases as those referred to there is sufficient extrinsic muscular action to compress the glottis and prevent the entrance of food or liquids. The principal function of the epiglottis is connected with the voice. The epiglottis, in its relation to the voice, may properly be termed a Resonator. This cartilaginous plate, the epiglottis, placed at the top of the larynx, acts as does the modifier or tuner placed at the top of certain flue organ pipes, the tone becoming more brilliant or more sombre by its action. The more erect the epiglottis the more brilliant the tone, and precisely the same result is obtained by the raising of the modifier or tuner of the flue pipe of the organ. In both cases, the over-tones become less in number, when the epiglottis, or modifier, is depressed.

In recent experiments with a dissected human larynx, with air forced through the trachea by hydraulic pressure, by imitating the action of the aryteno-epiglottidian muscles, I found the action of the epiglottis referred to unvaryingly the same as stated above. When the epiglottis was pulled far towards the arytenoid cartilages, the lower tones were subdued, and the higher tones beautiful and flute-like in quality. But as the epiglottis was made more and more erect, the tones became more and more clear, until finally it sounded shrill and disagreeable. In cases where the epiglottis has been eaten partially away by disease, or is by nature short, the quality of the voice is thin and metallic. Another office of the epiglottis is to compensate for a greater air force sent upon the vocal chords. A certain amount of air forced upon an elastic tissue, will produce a tone by causing a certain number of vibrations; now all else being equal, a greater air force would produce more vibrations, hence a higher tone; but the epiglottis comes over the glottis more and more as the blast is increased, thus in a measure compensating for the extra air force. We say in a measure, for the vocal chords themselves compensate to a great extent for this extra amount of air forced upon them; for as the air force increases, the vocal chords become relaxed, thus admitting of more force without a heightening of the tone, and just in proportion as the blast is increased, the vocal chords become relaxed. Thus we find by repeated experiments, severe tests, and careful laryngoscope examinations upon many subjects, that the main office of the epiglottis is to act as a modifier and compensator to the voice throughout its entire range, its motor nerves acting in beautiful harmony, and in perfect obedience to the gray matter of the brain.

HARRY WHEELER.

—N. E. Conservatory of Music.

Third Biennial Cincinnati Musical Festival.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE; THE GREAT ORGAN AND THE ORGANIST; THE SOLO SINGERS AND GRAND CHORUS.

The interest in the coming event intensifies, and the activity of preparation increases as the time for the fes-

tival draws near. The work on the noble music hall has been pushed forward so steadily that there remains but little to be done upon the interior, beyond the ornamentation, which will be of the classic order, massive and substantial rather than fancy. The gigantic many-storied scaffolding, used by the workmen in constructing the lofty ceilings, have been removed, and much of the debris cleared away, so that the vast auditorium presents a very imposing appearance—one hundred and ninety feet of space, unbroken by a single column, or obstruction of any description. Standing in the broad aisle back of the parquette, and looking toward the stage, it seems almost wonderful that any human voice could fill the immense room, and the great fame of the solo singers suggests the idea that to at least a few in the vast audience next month, the artists may be more easily recognized through the sense of hearing than that of sight. The entrance and corridors are appropriately colored in quiet, pleasing style, and the effect on entering the main hall is really beautiful. There has been a good deal said about the magnificent proportions and artistic arrangement of the new Cincinnati Music Hall, but the subject has not yet had full justice done it, nor has anything like an adequate description of the noble pile yet been written, as the throngs of harmonious strangers will realize next month.

THE GREAT ORGAN.

As it now stands, stripped of all covering, without the case which will hide the mass of pipes, the huge bellows, and the thousands of strips of wood and metal, the great organ presents a very curious aspect.

It is divided, somewhat like a house, into three stories, and has a frame of beams and rafters on which the various parts are built. The lower story holds the lungs of the instrument, the bellows and huge wind chests. These occupy most of the space below, while above the pipes are placed. The key board is like the head of a body, and from it hundreds of narrow wooden strips, called trackers, run through the lower story up to the second, above the "belt," as it is usually called. These are like nerves, and convey the impressions or will of the organist to every part of the body. Besides these leaders, there are wooden troughs and metal pipes, called "wind trunks," the blood vessels which connect the bellows with the wind chests below and above the "belt." The mass of large pipes rest, mouth down, on the line of the second story, and in the third story the "swell" is placed. Various passages are kept free, and ladders made to the upper platforms for the convenience of the tuner, or for repairs.

The case, or "organ-house," for the protection of the mass of delicate machinery has been the subject of much thought, and when completed will prove a fitting dress for the noble instrument. The front of the case is generally called the "screen," and as this is the most conspicuous part of the instrument, the people will take their first, and perhaps most lasting impressions from its appearance. And as Cincinnati has attained great fame as the centre of decorative art, people from abroad have a right to look for something remarkable in the carving of the screen for the new organ. There will be no disappointment in this respect. The entire front—fifty feet in width, and forty-five feet in height—will be decorated with original designs, unlike anything else, and following no laws or canons, except those of good taste.

The plan is one of rare beauty, full of pleasing suggestiveness and satisfying repose. It has solidity, firmness, and weight, without heaviness. There is nothing like it anywhere, and it will always be a source of delight to the thousands who will face it.

The material used throughout the screen is cherry, a light red, almost pink in its color, which will grow warmer and darker with age. Every bit of it is solid wood, and to the credit of our city and those in charge, be it said that there is not a particle of veneer or varnish in any part of the case.

THE ORGANIST OF THE MAY FESTIVAL.

"I knew those thirteen hundred pipes
And thirty stops, as blind men do
The voices of the friends they love."

Mr. George E. Whiting, who will preside at the great organ next month, has long held a leading place among the musicians of Boston, as a composer, teacher, and conductor. He was born at Holliston, and his mother was a fine vocalist in her younger days. During his boyhood, Mr. Whiting had many musical advantages, two of his elder brothers having adopted the profession before him. When but five years old, he began a course of study on the piano. He showed great talent, and when only thirteen made his debut as an organist, at a concert given in Worcester, Mass. Two years later, he went to Hartford, Connecticut, and shortly afterward succeeded Dudley Buck as organist, filling the place during Mr. Buck's absence in Europe. Previous to assuming this position, he had been a student with Mr. Morgan, of New York. During his residence in Hartford, Mr. Whiting founded the Beethoven Society, a choral organization which has done credit to its originator. In 1860, he was engaged by E. & G. Hook (Builders of the great Cincinnati Music Hall organ), to open a large organ at Woburn, Mass., and his exhibition of the instrument was so satisfactory that they secured his services for some years afterward.

In 1862, Mr. Whiting visited England and gave a year to a course of study under Best, the famous organist of St. George's Hall, Liverpool. Upon his return, he was engaged as organist at St. Joseph's Church, Albany, where he had, at that time, the largest organ in the country, and as a member of his choir Mlle. La Jeunesse, now famous as Miss Emma Albani. He soon went again to the Old World to complete his studies of orchestration under the renowned Radecke, of Berlin. In 1868, he was induced to take the leadership in the Castle St. Church, Boston, and subsequently was organist at the Boston Music Hall.

Mr. Whiting has contributed largely to the composition for the organ, and his writings have become very popular. He has been a diligent student and a hard worker during his entire musical life, and has made many prominent successes. His masterly performances upon the magnificent Cincinnati organ next month will prove one of the interesting features of the festival.

THE SOLOISTS AND GRAND CHORUS.

A complete list of the soloists of the festival has already appeared in these columns. Biographical sketches of the most prominent artists have also been given.

Theodore Thomas, the master of musical leaders, has been drilling his matchless orchestra during the entire winter, in anticipation of the festival. The last rehearsal of the instrumental selections will be on the 25th of this month. And that the solo vocal parts will be as well done as it is within the power of human beings to do them, the names of the soloists alone guarantee. With such artists as Pappenheim, Cary, Cranch, Adams and Whitney, nothing but the highest standard of excellence will suffice, and nothing short of that is expected.

The grand chorus is composed not alone of Cincinnati singers. Of the most enthusiastic societies that are rehearsing for the festival, those of Hamilton, Dayton and Urbana, are highly spoken of by Mr. Singer, who has been giving his personal attention to their progress. These societies show much zeal, and have mastered many trying selections of which the programme is composed. All of the members of the chorus are alive to the importance of the event in which they are to take part, and are making such progress as leaves no doubt that they will be up to the mark next month.

By stretching out its arms and taking in societies from other cities, the festival widens its influence and extends the pure work it aims to do. The communities in these cities are awakened to higher art and better results. Their taste is cultivated and their knowledge of music, both new and old, is largely increased. True, there are return results which work to the financial success of the undertaking, but this is secondary. The festival concerts are not given for profit. This scheme does not have for its end any pecuniary result beyond the expense. These festivals are made for the honor of our city, for the credit of the West, and for the good of musical taste.—*Church's Musical Visitor.*

Foreign Notes.

The inauguration, which took place on the 2nd ult., of the new Royal Court Theatre at Dresden, an institution associated with the practical activity of C. M. von Weber and Marschner, Richard Wagner and Julius Rietsch, is an event of more than purely local interest. The new building, which is erected on the site of the old house, destroyed by fire some eight years ago, is pronounced a very fine one, possessing above all most perfect acoustic properties. The architect is Herr Semper. The proceedings of the opening night consisted of a spoken prologue written for the occasion, followed by a stirring performance of Weber's "Jubel" Overture; after which Goethe's drama "Iphigenia" received an adequate representation, which concluded the festive arrangements. For the following day Beethoven's "Fidelio" was selected as the first operatic performance in the new house, wherein, it is hoped, the high artistic principles will continue to prevail which the composer of "Der Freischütz" and "Euryanthe" so earnestly strove to inculcate during the best years of his career. There are but few other events in connection with German operatic establishments to be recorded this month. Herr Richard Wuerst's new Opera, "Die Offiziere Kaiserin," which was performed for the first time at Berlin at the end of January last, achieved but a qualified success. On the other hand, Herr Ignaz Brüll's operatic work, "Das goldene Kreuz," continues in its progress of popularity, having recently been represented at Hannover and other leading German towns. At the Hoftheater of Schwerin, the production of Herr Wagner's "Walküre" has filled the house to overflowing during the last few weeks. The same composer's "Siegfried" (like "Walküre" a part of the famous Tetralogy) is to be produced on the Munich stage during the present month; and the dramatic prologue to the same giant work, "Das Rheingold," as well as "Walküre," is to be performed at Leipzig in April next, to be followed in the coming autumn by the remaining two works to complete the Tetralogy, viz. "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung." Thus it will be seen that German operatic managers are thoroughly in earnest in their endeavors to prove that the elaborate latest music-drama of their famous countryman may be adequately represented, even apart from the special conditions created for the purpose at the Bayreuth Theatre. Madame Christine Nilsson was expected in Hamburg last month, to appear in a cycle of operatic performances; Madame Gerster-Gardini is announced to give a series of representations at the Royal Opera at Berlin, commencing on the 21st inst. At the latter institution an important measure of discipline was, according to the *Allgemeine Deutsche Musik Zeitung*, lately introduced, the directors having prohibited the practice of throwing bouquets, &c., upon the stage during a performance. "Gardeners will lament at the change," the above-quoted journal adds in effect, "prime down will be furious; but the interests of art will gain by it in the end." Another far more sweeping reform in a similar direction is, however,

said to be contemplated, the report of which comes to us from Cologne. The director of the Stadt-Theater of the Rhenish town just mentioned is, it is stated, about to convene a congress of German operatic managers, which is to meet at Leipzig, for the purpose of considering the steps to be taken with a view to checking the exorbitant monetary pretensions of modern operatic singers. There can be no doubt that the question is one which commands itself with daily increasing force to the serious consideration of *impresarios*, but—as *Le Ménestrel*, in alluding to the circumstance, justly remarks—nothing short of an international congress could possibly lead to practical results. Meanwhile we may thank German operatic directors, should their intended congress become a reality, for publicly drawing attention to the pernicious "star" system of our days, which, while tending eventually to prove fatal to all unendowed operatic institutions, is at the same time inconsistent with the true interests of the art itself.—*Lond. Mus. Times.*

An interesting reprint has recently been issued by the firm of Trautwein of Berlin, under the auspices of the Gesellschaft für Musikforschung, namely, that of the oldest Wittenberg four-part hymn-book, compiled in the year 1524 by Johann Walther, by direction of Martin Luther. It is only some twenty-five years ago that fragments of the book (about the actual existence of which doubts had long been entertained) were discovered in the public libraries of Munich and Dresden, the two supplementing one another, and forming a complete copy of the work. While on the subject of musical bibliography, we may mention that a very rare and curious book bearing upon the art is also shortly to be republished by M. E. Thoinau of Paris, entitled "L'Entretien des Musiciens," the author being Annibal Gantez, and the year of its publication 1648. Apart from its scarcity, the work is chiefly interesting as treating of the musical customs and peculiarities of the period from which it emanates. Only four copies of the original edition are known to exist, one of which is in the possession of Mr. Thoinau, who thus generously resigns his favored position for the benefit of many.

The Berlin Wagner-Verein celebrated its first anniversary last month by a banquet, to which some 500 members and their friends sat down, and which was followed by some highly interesting musical and musico-dramatic performances. A herald, clad in style of the middle ages, having formally announced the commencement of the performance, a small orchestra composed of eight musicians, under the direction of Herr Wilhelm Tappert, played the oldest-known Overture, that to "Orfeo," by Monteverde; after which the audience were treated to a representation of the most venerable lyric drama, "Robin et Marion," by Adam de la Halle, which was first played at the Court of the King of Naples in 1282. Some German songs of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, a Serenade for violin by Jacob Walther, and a Sonata by Kuhnau, written in 1696, concluded the historic programme.

Gluck's "Armida" was performed last month at the Imperial Opera at Vienna. The grand work of the "father of modern Opera" was, according to the opinion of the press, most worthily represented, Madame Materna's interpretation of the character of the heroine being especially praised.—*Ibid.*

We subjoin the programmes of concerts recently given at some of the leading institutions abroad:—

Paris.—Concert Populaire (February 8): Symphony, L'Océan (Rubinstein); Septet (Beethoven); Concertstück for Violin (Sivori); Overture to "Sigurd" (E. Rayer). Concert du Conservatoire (February 10): Symphony in A minor (Mendelssohn); La Prière du Matin et du Soir, unaccompanied chorus (E. del Cavaliere); second and third part of "Roméo et Juliette" (Berlioz); Chorus from "Armida" (Lulli); Overture, "Leonora" (Beethoven). Concert Populaire (February 10): Symphony, D major (Beethoven); Fragment from "Iphigénie en Tauride" (Piccini); Minuet (Bocherini); Overture to "Der Freischütz" (Weber). Concert Populaire (February 17): Reformation Symphony (Mendelssohn); Andante (Haydn); Fragments from "Struensee" (Meyerbeer); Concerto in C minor for piano-forte (Beethoven); Prelude (Bach-Gounod). Concert du Châtelet (January 27): Christophe Colomb, Ode symphonique (Félicien David).

Leipzig.—Gewandhaus Concert (January 17): Overture to "Tasso" (Schulz-Schwerin); Concerto for violoncello (H. Witte); Songs and Air from "Euryanthe" (Weber); Symphony in A (Beetho-

ven.) Gewandhaus Concert (January 31): Overture, "Im Hochland" (Gade); Violin Concerto (Bruch); Symphony in B minor (Schubert). Euterpe Concert February 5: Overture, Scherzo, and Finale (Schumann); Rhapsody (Brahms); Pianoforte pieces (Schumann, Chopin, and David). Gewandhaus Concert (February 7): Requiem (Cherubini); Forty-second Psalm (Mendelssohn). Gewandhaus Concert February 14: Overture to "Melusine" (Mendelssohn); Concerto for pianoforte (Scharwenka); Symphony in G major (Haydn).

Berlin.—Bilse Concert (February 6): Overture to "Manfred" (Schumann); March (Lachner); Concerto for violoncello (Vieuxtemps); "Phaëton" (Saint-Saëns); Walkürenritt (Wagner); Symphony in C major (Schubert). Concert of the Symphoniecapelle (February 6): Symphony in C minor (Haydn); Symphony in C minor (Brahms); Fragments from "Loreley" (Bruch); Hungarian Dance (Brahms). Stern'sche Singakademie (February 15): Handel's "Alexander's Feast."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 13, 1878.

Symphony Concerts.

The Harvard Musical Association had every reason to feel fresh encouragement in the large audience and complete success of the tenth and last Concert of the thirteenth season (March 28). Very seldom, if ever, has a more interesting Orchestral Concert been heard in our city. The rich, unique and well contrasted programme, and the ability of the artists, who entered heart and soul into the interpretation of its several numbers, made that almost a foregone conclusion.

Overture to the Oratorio "St. Paul".....Mendelssohn
Air from "L'Allegro ed il Penseroso," "Sweet bird,
that shunn'st the noise of folly".....Handel
Miss Lillian Bailey.
Concerto in C major, for three pianos, with string
orchestra.....J. S. Bach
Allegro.—Adagio.—Fugue.
B. J. Lang, J. C. D. Parker, and Arthur W. Foote.

Overture to "Rosamunde" (second time).....Schubert
Songs with Pianoforte:.....
a. Das Zügensbüchlein (The Passing Bell).
b. Stimme der Liebe (Voice of Love).
Miss Lillian Bailey.

Eighth Symphony in F, Op. 88.....Beethoven
Allegro vivace.—Allegretto Scherzando.—Tempo
di minueto.—Allegro vivace.

Most listeners were probably surprised to find so much exciting matter, so much breadth and power and grandeur, in the Overture to *St. Paul*. In Oratorio, as in Opera performances, the Overture commonly gets a small share of attention. People hardly listen, being not quite settled in their seats; or they sit waiting for the voices to begin; and probably there is something in the suggestion that the instruments, not over many on such occasions, are smothered up and deadened by the crowd of singing people on the stage. Really this noble Overture was for the first time fairly heard that Thursday afternoon. The orchestra was adequate to its effect, which was palpably increased by the Organ part, which Mendelssohn composed for it, and which was satisfactorily played by Mr. G. W. SUMNER.

The Nightingale Aria by Handel fitly followed. It seemed precisely suited for the fresh, bright, bird-like, sympathetic voice of Miss LILLIAN BAILEY; and, besides the excellent flute obligato of Mr. RITZEL, it had the advantage of Robert Franz's full development of the instrumental score, which sounded wonderfully rich and beautiful, and seemed to locate the "sweet bird, most musical, most melancholy" amid its shady green surroundings. The young singer was equal to all the exacting requirements of the song; all was clear, sustained and delicately true, and every trill precise and even. The only fault we noticed was the indistinct enunciation of the syllables, "sweet bird" sounding too

much like "wee bir"; but this may easily be remedied.

Next, after Mendelssohn and Handel, who could come in so sure not to disturb the harmony, as good Sebastian Bach? And this time not in his graver and more sombre aspect, but in a genial, brilliant, entertaining mood, while wielding all the wealth of his incomparable artistic resources. A triple Concerto for three pianos of course enlists a good deal of personal interest, besides the intrinsic interest of the composition. But this was no mere parade piece; and it would argue only a lack of true musical appreciation in any one who should be rash enough to seek to consign it to the dry category of pedantic studies or antique curiosities. It is music all aglow with a sincere, hearty, happy sense of life.

Bach has left two Concertos for three pianos: this one in C major, and another, equally interesting, in D minor. We owe the introduction of both of them in Boston concert rooms to Mr. Otto Dresel. That in D minor takes us back twenty-five years to a memorable concert given by that gentleman, in a small upper chamber, before one of the choicest audiences, when it was played by three remarkable pianists, Messrs. Dresel, Alfred Jaell, and William Scharfenberg; the string accompaniments, in the original form, by Messrs. Schultze, Meisel, Meyer, (viola), Carl Bergman (cello), and Balcke (contrabass). Eleven years later (Nov. and Dec. 1864), Mr. Dresel gave a series of five concerts at Chickering's Rooms, drawing largely for his programmes from the instrumental works of Bach. The first concert opened with the Triple Concerto in C major, which was again given in the third, the other (D minor) having taken its turn in the second concert. Perhaps it will revive pleasant memories with some of our readers, if we reprint here a portion of our record made directly after that first concert:—

Old Bach heads the list, as he is likely to do in each of the five concerts. Mr. Dresel, in this, is undertaking for us the same good service that Mendelssohn did for Germany; he means to put to flight, if possible, the *Bach bugbear*, by practically showing that Bach's music can be entertaining and delightful, as well as learned and profound. The piano compositions of the great master afford ample material for this, utterly different as they are from any of the modern piano music. Should these succeed in dissipating the bugbear, and actually prove enjoyable to a whole room full of people, then it may be hoped that soon a beginning will be made of some acquaintance with his vocal works, when all who have any piety or music in their souls will be astonished at the revelation of such depth and tenderness of feeling, such unsurpassed richness, truth and beauty of expression, and own that religious music, as such, whether Catholic or Protestant, has reached its highest, purest utterance in Sebastian Bach. The Great Organ is already doing its part—or a part of its part—to prepare the way; but these piano (or *Clavier*) compositions are perhaps the readiest entering wedge into the tough knot of anti-fugue and anti-scientific prejudice, since, instead of trying to cleave it by main force, they will gently, unawares, loosen its grasp by showing the old master under a pleasing aspect.

Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.

The experiment, this first time, was signally successful. We verily believe that no piece on the programme was enjoyed so much, on the whole, and by the largest number, as the triple Concerto in C major. The charm, to be sure, was partly that of admirable rendering. The three pianos (Chickering Grands), which share equally the exposition of themes, were played with perfect clearness, evenness and nicety of expression, and with that absence of all exaggeration of effect, which Bach's music requires, by Messrs. HUGO LEONHARD, B. J. LANG, and J. C. D. PARKER; while the original accompaniments for the quartet of strings were consolidated by Mr. Dresel upon a fourth piano. Mechanically, it all moved like clockwork, wheel within wheel, quietly and beautifully. And such satisfying, rich, fresh, wholesomely stimulating sonority; such full, clear, sweet, delicious euphony! The sound was all-pervading; it seemed to come in all round us and behind us like water, welling up from exhaustless springs of sweet

and wholesome harmony. The first Allegro is remarkable for the exceeding simplicity of its theme, and for the wondrous art with which it is made interesting throughout such long and complex development; its re-appearance now in this and now in that part of the harmony, now in one and now in another piano, being always natural, so much so that for most hearers the art was hidden in the charm. The expression is simply happy, healthy, sunshiny, full of joy in even-tempered life and solid work. The Adagio touches a deeper chord. That solemn minor phrase in the bass and tenor, which ever slowly climbs and falls, so boldly pronounced through the whole, is most impressive, and haunts you afterwards as it haunts the music. The finale is a little more formal.

Some years later this Concerto was played by the same artists, at one of Mr. Lang's Concerts in the Globe Theatre, with the Mendelssohn Quintette Club for the accompaniment. And again, in Dec. 1876, in that beautiful concert given for Mr. Leonard by some of his brother artists, in Wesleyan Hall, it was played by Messrs. Lang, Perabo and Parker, with the accompaniments on a fourth piano by Mr. Dresel. On all these occasions it was exceedingly enjoyed. But whether the "Bach bugbear" is even yet dispelled, may be a question, though we have since heard the Passion Music and the Christmas Oratorio, and many more of his immortal masterpieces, vocal and instrumental. The bugbear exists in not a few minds; but the sincere admirers, too, are many. Some doubtless were converted, or at least strongly inclined toward Bach's music, when they heard the Concerto given with such impressive power and breadth in this last Symphony Concert. For three powerful modern "Grands," and in so vast a hall, the mere quintet of strings, with which it was originally accompanied, would not suffice. Accordingly it was played by the whole string force of the orchestra, and with wonderful effect. There was a fullness, a richness, an all-pervading sweetness and vitality of sound, which there was no escaping. And no one could help observing what a complete whole in itself was that accompaniment; it was fullness not of mere sonority, but of co-operating, interwoven individual parts. How the cellos and basses sang in the *Adagio*! The last movement, too, impressed us more than ever before. The three pianists did their work admirably well together, and the orchestral parts were all in keeping. The "Bach bugbear" may not have been dispelled in every listener even then, but was not what we wrote of it so long ago all more than justified? Hour after hour it would be happiness, complete occupation of heart, mind and soul, to listen to such music, forgetting all else in "content so absolute."

If the first part of the concert was mainly serious, the second was bright and joyous. Schubert's *Rosamunde* Overture was even more keenly relished than it was the first time; it will be always welcome in its place. The two Schubert Songs were serious, but they were short; and they were sung with such taste and feeling as well as with such sweetness and purity of voice, by Miss Bailey, (accompanied by Mr. Lang) that they made a fine effect. The "Stimme der Liebe" is a remarkable song, full of climax, original in its harmony, and intensely dramatic; but the singer proved herself equal to it, singing it *con amore*, and with such effect that she was recalled, when she seated herself at the piano, and sang the same composer's "Haidenröslein." Finally the Eighth Symphony, so full of sunshine, though its inspiration came to the Master in his darkest days, and buoyant as it is,—by some called "light,"—yet a most earnest and consummate work of Art, brought the Concert to the cheerfulest conclusion. Let us not despair of many more such good times coming!

THEODORE THOMAS and his Orchestra returned to

Boston on Wednesday evening, March 20, and Saturday afternoon, March 23, to try the experiment of a couple of "grand and popular Concerts," at "popular prices." The bait took, and the audience was very large, especially on Saturday, when country people come to town. The programmes contained many things of doubtful popularity; but if popular means miscellaneous, they certainly were "mixed," or, more properly speaking, heterogeneous, enough. We have no room to discriminate, and simply give the programmes:

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

Overture "King Stephen," op. 117.....Beethoven
March Tempo, from "Lenore" Symphony.....Raff
Aria, "Di Provenza".....Verdi
Signor Tagliapietra.
Solo for Trombone, Air and Variations....Chemlich
Mr. F. Letsch.
Scene and Aria, "Freyschütz".....Weber
Miss Mathilde Wilde.
Concerto for Piano and Orchestra.....Scharwenka
Madame M. Schiller and Orchestra.
Overture, "Rienzi".....Wagner
"Les Rameaux".....Faure
Signor Tagliapietra.
Mennet.....Boccherini
String Orchestra.
Aria, "Queen of Sheba".....Gounod
Miss Mathilde Wilde.
Waltz, "Wiener Friesen".....Strauss
Fête Bohème (Scenes Pittoresques).....Massenet

SATURDAY MATINÉE.

Overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream", Mendels'n
Aria, "Il Balen".....Verdi
Signor Tagliapietra.
Fantasia (new), Prelude, Intermezzo, Fugue.
Rheinberger
Die Lorelei.....Liszt
Miss Mathilde Wilde.
Concerto for Piano, in G minor.....Mendelssohn
Madame M. Schiller and Orchestra.
Largo (adapted by Joseph Helmesberger), for Vi-
olins, Violas, Harp, Organ and Solo Violin.....Handel
Mr. Hermann Brandt.
Song, "Les Rameaux" (by request).....Faure
Signor Tagliapietra.
Capriccio, op. 4 (new).....Hermann Graedner
Valse de Concert.....Venzano
Miss Mathilde Wilde.
Waltz, "Village Swallows".....Strauss
Symphonic Poem, "Danse Macabre".....Saint-Saëns

Chamber Concerts.

We return, for briefer mention than it merits, to Mr. S. LIEBLING's Concert at Union Hall, March 21. The hall was filled with a quickly responsive audience, and the programme contained much that was interesting, old and new, to wit:

Concerto for Piano, Op. 16.....Grieg
First and last movement.
Andante and Polonaise.....Wienlawski
Mr. Albert Van Raalte.
Aria, "Si, l'amor, O cara".....Handel
Miss Fanny Kellogg.
Piano, { a. Auf Flügeln des Gesanges.....Liszt
{ b. Air à la Bourgeoise.....Handel
{ c. Nocturne, Op. 15, No. 2.....Chopin
{ d. Valse, Op. 64, No. 1.....Arr. by Tausig
Serenade (New).....Abt
Mr. Carl Pfeuger.
Recitation, "La mort de Jeanne d'Arc."
Casimir Delavigne
Mme. Leontine Arnot Cohn.
Grand Duo for Two Pianos, Op. 15.
Allegro-Adagietto-Finale.....Rheinberger
Messrs. Ernst Perabo and S. Liebling.
Song, "Der Wanderer".....Schubert
Mr. Joseph Claus.
Piano, { a. Concert étude.....Kullack
{ b. Moments musicaux.....Moszkowski
{ c. Polonaise.....Rubinstein
Songs, { "Die Liebe hat gelogen".....Franz
{ "Stille Sicherheit".....Franz
Miss Fanny Kellogg.
Songs, { a. "Die Lotosblume".....Schumann
{ b. "Gute Nacht, mein Herz".....Franz
Mr. Carl Pfeuger.
Piano, Rhapsodie, No. 4.....Liszt

The piano compositions were all—with the exception of the Duo with Mr. PERABO, which we found the most interesting of them all, and very finely played—interpreted by Mr. Liebling. He played with remarkable facility, certainty and brilliancy, especially the Grieg Concerto movements and the Rhapsodie by Liszt, and showed discrimination, as well as enthusiasm, in his rendering of the groups of well contrasted smaller pieces. The Chopin Waltz, wilfully made to bristle with difficulties by Tausig, and far more expressive in its simple form, was wonderfully well played. Mr. VAN RAALTE, one of the earlier and most finished graduates from

Julius Eichberg's Violin School, played his difficult solo with precision, firmness and considerable brilliancy; it was good, sound violin playing, only a little rigid. Miss FANNY KELLOGG bore away the palm for singing. The Handel Aria was given with fine taste and feeling; and the two songs by Franz, the one so passionate, the other so serene, were beautifully interpreted. Mr. PLUEGER was ill, so that his place had to be supplied in the second part by Mr. CLAUS, who sang "The Wanderer" with considerable expression, with a sonorous but rather too explosive letting out of voice. Mme. COHN's French recitation elicited a good deal of applause.

Mr. JOHN ORTH gave a Concert on Wednesday afternoon, April 3, in Union Hall, which was almost crowded with his friends. The programme was as follows:

Sonata for Pianoforte and Violoncello, in D,
Op. 183.....Raff
Mr. Fries and Mr. Orth.
Songs, { Phillis the Fair.....Franz
{ My Bonnie Mary.....Franz
Mr. C. R. Hayden.
Aria from Alexander's Feast: "Softly sweet
in Lydian measures".....Handel
Miss Lillian Bailey.
Menuetto in B-minor.....Schubert
Impromptu in E-flat, Op. 30.....Hiller
Mr. Orth.
Romance: "Return, Return".....Berlioz
Mr. Hayden.
Staccato Perpetuelle.....Dupont
Wiegand.....Kjerulf
Ballade, Op. 23.....Chopin
Mr. Orth.
Songs, { Das Zügelglocklein.....Schubert
{ Ogni Pena.....Pergolesi
Miss Bailey.
Consolation, No. 3, in D-flat major.....Liszt
Marche Militaire.....Schubert-Tausig
Mr. Orth.

Raff's Sonata interested us comparatively little in the first movement (*Allegro*), which seemed made mechanically, with a mere routine facility. But the *Vivace* was singularly bright and sparkling, and the *Andante* lovely. It was capitally rendered by both artists. Mr. ORTH showed a technique well up to the times, and played all his very various selections with more discrimination and refinement than we have noticed before in his playing, as well as with enthusiastic energy. The Schubert Menuetto was daintily and crisply touched, and pleased so much that he was obliged to repeat it. The *Staccato* by Dupont, too, was very brilliantly and deftly done. Miss LILLIAN BAILEY's voice and style, and her intelligent expression and refinement for so young a singer, still grow upon the attentive listener and give assurance of a nature truly musical, with something of the spark of genius in it. The Air by Handel was beautifully rendered, so was the "Passing Bell" by Schubert; and the quaint melody by Pergolesi, a favorite song of Mme. Viardot-Garcia's, was made as piquant and witching as need be. Mr. HAYDEN, though hardly at his best, sang finely two of the least pretending songs by Franz. His long sustained high tone in the Romance by Berlioz, was remarkably clear, musical and beautifully diminished.—Mr. Orth certainly gained standing by this concert.

Mr. WM. H. SHERWOOD commenced a second series (of this his second season) of Concerts, on Friday evening, April 5, at Union Hall. An imperative engagement robbed us of the pleasure we should doubtless have had in listening both to him and his assistants in the following programme:

Allegro Feroce (Concert Etude), Op. 105, No. 2,
Moscheles.
Mr. Sherwood.
Songs { a. Neue Liebe, neues Leben.....Beethoven
{ b. My Dearest Heart.....Sullivan
Miss Annie Wentz.
Sonata, Op. 111 (last sonata).....L. v. Beethoven
Prayer, (Tannhäuser).....Wagner
Madame Louise Cappiani.
{ a. Impromptu in A-flat, Op. 29.....Chopin
{ b. Novelette, E-major, Op. 21, No. 7.....Schumann
Miss Josie E. Ware.
Rondo Capriccioso in E.....Mendelssohn
Miss Jennie R. May.
Aria from Don Juan (Non mi dir).....Mozart
Miss Fannie Lovering.
{ a. Fantasia in F minor, Op. 49.....Chopin
{ b. Allegro Scherzando, Op. 5.....W. H. Sherwood
Grand Duo from L'Africaine.....Meyerbeer
Madame Cappiani and Miss Annie Wentz.
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 6.....Liszt

All the accounts we have of the concert are essentially in accord with this from the *Courier*:

Mr. Sherwood played the Moscheles study in his best style, with the most unerring precision, firm, vital touch, and great spirit. The great Opus 111. sonata is a work that few pianists care to approach. Even disregarding its technical difficulties, which are immense, there is an intrinsic grandeur, a breadth of style in the composition which can be adequately rendered only by the supreme artist, and that, too, after long and arduous study. There are few works extant in which the interpreter is more liable to fall into the error of elaborating certain beautiful details to the detriment of the perfect symmetry of the whole. Then again it is a work which appeals but to the select few among music lovers, and in playing which the pianist can look for sympathy from but a small portion of his audience. To say that Mr. Sherwood played a great part of this stupendous sonata as it should be played is giving him very high praise indeed. If his rendering of the first movement seemed hardly in accordance with the character of the work, the bold outlines of which were often blurred and weakened, and if a certain sustained power, a comprehensive grasp of the leading idea in the earlier portions of the *Adagio* were too plainly wanting, yet it must be said that his playing of the latter half of the second movement (say from the beginning of the fourth variation to the end) was wonderfully fine and strong. There was also much that deserved high commendation in his playing of the remainder of the work: that the most absolute earnestness of purpose ran through the whole performance was evident. To have played this sonata as Mr. Sherwood did may be accounted a more glorious achievement than to have given even the most complete and perfect rendering of a host of other compositions. With the exception of the great B-flat sonata, Opus 106, there is hardly a composition in the whole range of pianoforte music which presents so great intellectual difficulties to the performer. The rest of Mr. Sherwood's numbers were most capably played. Madame Cappiani sang the extremely difficult and taxing Prayer from *Tannhäuser* really superbly. It is rarely that one finds a singer so absolutely in sympathy with her high task, and possessor of such means of realizing her conception. Miss Annie Wentz and Miss Fannie Lovering (pupils of Madame Cappiani) and Miss Josie E. Ware and Miss Jennie R. May (pupils of Mr. Sherwood) showed much talent, and gave evidence of the excellence of their instruction.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A New Invention.

CAMBRIDGE has been called (I don't know how correctly) a Paradise of Paupers. I only repeat a phrase I have heard from an old resident of this semi-rural city. I think, however, a stop has been put upon the tramps, by a parish regulation that, instead of warm breakfasts at the doors of the citizens, they should be furnished with tickets entitling them to a meal at a certain restaurant in return for a certain amount of work. But there seems to be a club of resident hand-organists who perambulate the streets and dispense their music wherever they have been once encouraged. As a protection against this annoyance, it is reported that a sensitive Professor has (conditionally) invented a contrivance he calls a Paratone, which is said to ward off effectually the all-pervading melodies of the grinders. It simply reproduces the anatomy of a deaf ear. It reverses the action of the telephone or phonograph, and renders the musical vibrations inaudible. It can be easily applied to any window, and at the same time by its novel and peculiar appearance advertises the grinders that their services in front of that house where they are disposed to plant themselves, can be dispensed with. It can also be used in a portable way, like an umbrella, which it somewhat resembles in shape.

By the University students, and by all desirous of concentrating their thoughts on abstract studies, it should be well accepted. Think of escaping from these organic disturbances as you would escape from a sudden shower of rain, just by hoisting your Paratone! It might also be used in concert halls—if the apparatus could be compressed into a small compass of the size of a fan or a felt hat; and those of the audience who are anti-Wagner or anti-Liszt in their tastes, or those who are indifferent to the pure-classic school, might easily enjoy a period of expressive silence (unless they preferred talking), during such portions of the programme as they might wish omitted, instead of being obliged to leave the concert-room.

N. B.—Scientific journals please copy.

ELLY STREET.

THAT "COLLEGE OF MUSIC." The New York millionaire is dead, and, though he had no ear for music, his will shows that he had not abandoned his munificent design. The Chicago *Tribune* has the following dispatch:—

NEW YORK, March 21.—Samuel Wood, the retired millionaire merchant, who some three years ago created much expectancy by his proposition to give New York a million dollars to found a college of music, died yesterday. The *World* says that in his will he has left a sum amounting from \$600,000 to \$800,000 for this project, which had been well-nigh forgotten, it being supposed that Mr. Wood had changed his mind. The will is not made public, but Mr. Simonson, a relative long in confidential service, says there are provisions for four executors, who shall have power to employ the principal of this splendid bequest for the building and endowment of the musical college, or may at their discretion use only a portion, together with the interest. It was, he says, undoubtedly Mr. Wood's intention to expend the principal in carrying out his grand plan. The Legislature went so far at the time of the proposition as to set aside a plot in Central Park for the college building, and, should the bequest prove as stated, and the will be admitted to probate, the original plans will probably be adhered to by the trustees. The various legacies in the will amount to about \$100,000, aside from which the residue of the estate and property are given to the college of music. Mr. Wood was born in 1798, and had no ear for music.

If the report be true, that the "College" is to be under the direction of Manager Max Strakosch and prima donna Clara Louise Kellogg, perhaps its foundations will be laid as deep as Bach and Handel. Or, will the corner stone be Verdi? Mayhap Wagner; who knows?

WAGNER'S "PARSIFAL." The London *Figaro* says: "Herr Wagner departs from the Arturian legend, and reveals in some of the most questionable incidents that impurity ever imagined. There is in 'Parsifal' no attempt at concealment, no delicate touches whereby the disgust engendered in the minds of the least particular of men is softened. Better poets have treated the theme, and have told the story in a far different spirit. But Herr Wagner must be original, at all risks, and the cost in this case is that he has substituted coarseness for subtlety. He has gone out of his way to be nasty, and from his own fertile imagination—or his Teutonic 'inner consciousness'—he has evolved a plot which no man dare describe in its integrity. If, however, the libretto will not in its present form prove acceptable, yet the piece will offer plenty of opportunities for that scenic display which Herr Wagner loves. The scenes in the hall of the Grail of the first, in the enchanted castle of the magician of the second, and the first scene of the last act, will cost all the money the faithful are likely to send to Bayreuth. The old talent for stage management, in which Herr Wagner is seen at his best, has not deserted the aged musician."

ANOTHER MUSIC FIRM GONE. Thomas J. Hall, surviving partner of Wm. Hall & Son, has just sold his entire stock of music and music plates to Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston and New York, and has also ceded all right in the copyright catalogue of the late Hall & Son, concerning which there was some recent litigation. The whole property, therefore, of the late firm has fallen into the hands of Messrs. Ditson & Co. Many will regret to see the catalogue of the old house of Hall & Son at last disappear from New York to enrich the lists of Boston publishers. Forty years ago Wm. Hall & Co. did the largest business in their line in this country. The store in Franklin Square was the popular resort of musicians, and the best writers of the time were anxious for their compositions to bear the imprint of the noted house. They were the publishers of Gottschalk, Wallace, Wollenhaupt, and others. Many of the choicest copyrights ever held in this country became their property. The "Last Hope," "Murmurs Eoliens," "Ojas Criollos," "Berceuse," "Banjo," "Marche de Nuis," "Pastorale e Cavaliere," "Loving Heart Truon," of Gottschalk; "Polka de Concert" and "La Reve," of Wallace; "Whispering Winds" mazurka of Wollenhaupt, ran through successive editions and are, to this day, among the most successful morceaux de salon in a musical repertoire. This is the catalogue, aggregating over 20,000 plates, which Ditson & Co. have now purchased. Besides the parent house in Boston, Ditson & Co. have branch houses in this city, Philadelphia, Chicago and Cincinnati, and their publications are said to comprise some 80,000 subjects, or over half a million music book plates.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

RICHARD COKER REDIVIVUS. Signor Ricardo Della Rosa has made a successful debut at the Teatro Paterna, Lucca, Italy. But who is Signor Della Rosa? None other than he, who, ten years ago, was a youth of provoking adolescence, and known all over the United States and Great Britain as Richard Coker, the boy-soprano of Trinity Church. All who at that time listened to that mournful voice, which had none of the coldness that boys' voices usually possess, will remember how unique and brilliant was its charm. It was indeed a phenomenon, and has not since been approached, much less equalled. More than ten years have passed since the breaking of the voice that comes with adolescence, necessitating Master Coker's retirement from the concert room. During the interval he has been placed under the best musical and dramatic instruction that was to be obtained in Great Britain and the Continent. His voice changed, not to a tenor, as had been predicted by

many of his admirers, but to a high baritone of remarkable strength and richness. Had he not had his ambition under prudent control, it is probable that his debut would have taken place long ago. But it was his wish, as well as that of his admirers, that it should occur only under the most favorable circumstances—that is to say, when a perfect method had been perfectly mastered.

If we are to credit the Italian papers that come to us, this is what has been done. His debut took place before a large and critical audience, the character assumed being that of *Alfonso*, in "La Favorita." The perfection of his method, the strength and beauty of his voice, his dramatic expression, his personal charm of manner, are unanimously dwelt upon, so that the mention we make of them here is mere matter of history, which his appearance among us, at no distant day, will enable us to verify.—*Music Trade Review*.

THE DEATH OF THE WIDOW OF ROSSINI SEVERES one of the few links now remaining between the present and the past. Under the Restoration, Olympe Félissier occupied a prominent place in Parisian society. She was witty, hospitable, and beautiful, and in her salons were gathered some of the best people of the day. Baron Schikler was a constant visitor, the celebrated hunting Comte de Girardin was amongst her admirers, and Horace Vernet made her the model for his "Judith et Holopherne." In 1840 she first met Rossini, then in pain of mind at his separation from his first wife, Madame Colbrand. Olympe Félissier fell in love with the maestro, she soon managed his business affairs, made his macaroni, and generally played the part of the good-natured sister. When, in 1845, Madame Colbrand died, Rossini married the lady who had shown so much devotion to his interests, and the couple lived together a wandering and private life till 1855, when Rossini definitely fixed his residence at Passy. It was here that in the early days of the Empire, the City of Paris had offered to build a house for Rossini to live in. The "Swan of Pesaro" refused, saying, in a characteristic letter to Baron Haussmann, "I am not rich enough to pay for the land what it is worth, and I am not poor enough to live at the expense of the State." Eventually the matter was compromised by the composer paying a small price for the land, on condition that it reverted to the City of Paris on the death of Rossini and his widow. In this place, then on the borders of Bois de Boulogne, close by the green sward of Ranelagh, and but a stone's throw from the Pavillon de la Muette, and the City Gardens which were the chosen retreat of Lamartine, Rossini erected an elegant building, half villa, half mansion, discreetly veiled from public gaze by a cluster of verdure. There he lived till his death, and this retreat his widow never quitted until she died on Friday last. She was reported to be miserly, and was certainly economical. Rossini left a fortune of £82,000, which he directed should be devoted after the death of his widow to the formation of a free Academy of Music at his native town, Pesaro. The widow-Rossini left £80,000, besides £2000 in jewelry, and this she bequeaths to found almshouses for French and Italian vocalists. Her reasons for doing so are detailed in a letter written shortly before her death. "I am suffering, but not ill. I have la *maladie Anglaise*. I have a horror of humanity, and I am only happy when I am alone. I have such a horror of the Pesareses, that I have a moral conviction the Lycée Rossini will prove abortive, and that the honest gentlemen will put the money into their own pockets." The old lady, despite her contempt for mankind, had, however, a keen eye to the main chance, and a proper appreciation of herself as the widow of one of the greatest Hebraic composers. In pursuance of this reputation, she sold all the posthumous fugitive pieces of her husband for £8000 to Baron Albert Grant. Mr. Grant, who is but an indifferent musician, made a bad bargain. A few of those posthumous pieces have been heard in public, and they are barely worth the paper on which they were written.—*Figaro*.

Mrs. JULIA RIVE KING's way of learning music is odd enough: "I just take a piece," she says, "sit down and learn it with my eyes. After I have fixed a mental photograph of it in my brain, I go to the piano and teach it to my fingers. If I am uncertain in regard to a phrase or combination, I go to the piece again and read the doubtful portion. I never take a composition to the piano." Asked if she ever made mistakes, she said "No, indeed. It is the same as if you had learned a poem to recite. It would be impossible for you to drop a letter out of a word, of course. I learn a piece of music, and instead of reciting it with my lips, I deliver it through my fingers." This is quite too awfully smart, since von Bülow makes mistakes, and owns it, and Rubinstein never plays with absolute correctness. Even automata are liable to get out of gear, but Mrs. King is no doubt more perfect than any automaton. She says she prefers of all composers Liszt, and after him Chopin, Tausig and the romantic school,—as any one would guess from her playing. She says that "the weight of my touch is just twelve pounds. The average of ladies have a touch of only from two to three pounds. Thalberg had but four pounds, while Rubinstein reaches fifteen. I do not think any other woman ever had over a ten pound touch."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Jamie! For Soprano. E. 3. E to G. Molloy. 35
"Jamie! Jamie! Do you hear me,
Calling in the gloaming."
A very delightful song. Also published for
Alto voice.
- Eily Darling. Song and Chorus. Bb. 3.
d to G. Hays. 35
"Eily darling, don't be blushing,
For your face is young and fair."
Very pretty "Irish melody."
- Sailor Jack. C. 3. c to E. Redhead. 35
"Staunch and brave was Sailor Jack,
Just as tars should be."
A very hearty sailors' song of Jack as a lover
true.
- The Redbreast. Eb. 3. d to G. Levey. 30
"And sweetly sang, as I said, my dear,
Here's Robin come back to thee."
Another fine song about a sailor lover.
- Little Nannie. G. 3. d to G. Woolf. 40
"The Dustman has taken Nannie
To lullaby, lullaby land."
Very sweet song for home, as for an audience.
- The Wanderer's Song. (Wanderlied.) Ab.
4. c to G. Schumann. 40
"The sun does not shine on this one spot alone."
"Die Sonne, sie bleibt am Himmel nicht stehn."
It will be seen that this is not the famous
"Wanderer" song, but one bright and hearty,
and belonging more to common life.
- The Fairy Dell. Duet. E. 3. c to F. Abt. 40
"In yonder dell the fairies dwell,
And sport the hours away."
A delicate and fairy-like movement, with
heather bells ringing, and all fairy accompani-
ments.
- Brown Eyes has that Little Maiden. C. 3.
E to G. Osgood. 40
"And she has a mouth of roses,
Heavenly sweetness it discloses."
Has a lithograph title to adorn a new edition
of this popular and finely constructed song.

Instrumental.

- Sweet By and By. Variations. Ab. 4. Stier. 40
Rather easy, and quite graceful variations on
a well-known air.
- Star and Crescent Galop. C. 3. Shear. 40
Easy and pretty galop with varied arrange-
ments that cause a little more difficulty. Chan-
ges to keys of Ab and Db.
- Polka Militaire. Eb. 3. Behr. 35
The military title gives excuse for an extra
touch of brilliancy, which is accordingly intro-
duced.
- Nancy Lee Galop. D. 3. Frewin. 35
A lively galop, founded on a favorite air.
- Gretna Green Galop. 4 Hands. D. 2. 30
An easy and bright four-hand piece.
- The Blue Flowers. (Blaublümchen.)
G. 2. Spindler. 35
Simple and elegant.
- Racquet Galop. Eb. 3. Simmons. 40
As a musical racket it is quite a success, and
is pretty, also, reminding one in its movements,
of the light, quick bound of the shuttlecock
from bat to bat.
- Concordia Waltzes. 3. Wendelstein. 40
An introduction and four melodious waltzes.
- Pope Pius IX Funeral March. With por-
trait. A minor. 2. Holloway. 40
An impressive march, to which the portrait of
the deceased Pontiff adds value.
- Quiet Evening. Etude Nocturne. F. 3. Hill. 40
A "study" in very slow time. Nice practice,
and pleasing.
- Idyl. F. 4. Rheinberger. 40
One of Ernst Perabo's elegant "Twelve Selec-
tions." The left hand has considerable to do.
- Silver Leaf Mazurka Caprice. D. 4. Pattison. 50
The rich music of the mazurka is mingled
with light flings of chromatic runs and other
brilliant devices, producing a fine variety.
- Pope Leo XIII Coronation March. A. 2. 40
A spirited march, made valuable by the por-
trait of the new Pope.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E." means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

